CUCKOLDOM TRIUMPHANT;

OR,

Matrimonial Incontinence Vindicated.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

INTRIGUES PUBLIC and PRIVATE,
ANCIENT and MODERN.

By a GENTLEMAN of DOCTORS COMMONS.

To which is added,

A LOOKING GLASS for Each SEX.

The horns when gilt, will adoration have,
Then praiſe the goddeſs who the luſtre gave.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for T. THORN, in Pater-noſter Row.

HORN TALES.

TIT FOR TAT:

OR, THE

CUCKOLDS RECONCILED.

IN the city of Briſtol reſided two brothers, both merchants and both batchelors. The eldeſt, whoſe name was John, had been conſtructed in nature's

more delicate loom: but Robert, the youngeſt, was of a maſculine and rough texture. They were bound to each other in the ties of friendſhip, which are by far ſtronger than the bands of conſanguinity. They lived in the ſame houſe, boarded together, traded as partners, and always participated in each other's pleaſures.

They had accuſtomed themſelves to take an airing every morning on St. Michael's Hill, from whoſe towering ſummit an extenſive view of the city of Briſtol, and part

part of Somerſetſhire and Glouceſterſhire, amuſes the eye with a pleaſing variety. In theſe perambulations they became acquainted with two young ladies, who ſeemed inſeparable companions, and as fond as themſelves of ſuch early and ſalutary excurſions. As we ſhall have a great deal of occaſion to ſpeak of theſe ladies, it may not be improper to deſcribe them.

The eldeſt, Miſs Lucy Watſon, though not a regular beauty, had a very attractive look: any one might at firſt ſight eaſily diſcover that

that ſome of her features were a little faulty; but upon a minute examination, in order to particularize ſuch faults, ſo many charms appeared that the very notion of a deficiency in point of beauty was forgot, and a pleaſing deception made the heart pronounce entirely in her favour.

"'Tis not an eye, or lip, we beauty call,
" But the joint force, and full reſult of all."

Though her ſhape could not be deemed an example of the exacteſt

acteſt ſymmetry, it might be termed genteel. She had an air ſo elegantly negligent, that it always prepoſſeſſed beholders in her favour, her pleaſing addreſs, and uncommon vivacity, ſecured every conqueſt. Her fortune was not deſpicable, ſhe was independent and at her own diſpoſal; and boarded chiefly upon the ſcore of friendſhip with the father of the other young lady, her own parents being dead.

Miſs Fanny Timid, Miſs Watſon's fair companion, might with juſtice be termed a perfect beauty.

The regularity of her features, and the bloom of health which diffuſed itſelf over them, gave her juſt pretenſions to claim the title; to which we may add a languiſhing look of ineffable ſweetneſs, which ſoftened every male heart, and prejudiced even her own ſex in her favour. She was ſhorter than Miſs Watſon, but the amazing ſymmetry of her ſhape, gave her an air equally majeſtic. She did not poſſeſs the vivacity of her companion, but the melting ſoftneſs of her voice, and tenderneſs of her ſentiments, could harmonize the moſt ferocious, and quite ſubdue the ſoft. Her father was

an

an eminent tradeſman, and had a genteel fortune to give.

The heart of the elder brother, which was by nature formed to receive the tendereſt impreſſions, was not inſenſible to the captivating languor of the ſoul enchanting Miſs Timid; nor was ſhe ſure that his delicate frame, which ſeemed calculated for the ſofteſt purpoſes, had eſcaped ſome of her kindeſt thoughts.

The inclinations of the more ſpirited Mr. Robert, and the more

vivacious

vivacious Miſs Watſon, jumped exactly together. He fancied it would be ſome of the fineſt diverſion in the world to tame ſuch a ſpirit as Miſs Watſon's appeared to be, which ſeemed to peep through her eyes, and bid him defiance. And ſhe conceived it would be the utmoſt of her ambition, if ſhe could with a dart of love transfix a man, in whoſe very face an inclination to rove was legibly written, and pin him to the ground with the power of her charms. All this paſſed in the language of glances and bluſhes, for they had as yet ſpoke in no other. Indeed, bows and nods

had

had frequently been exchanged, but the merchants wanted to *trade deeper*. They ſoon learned every circumſtance reſpecting the ladies, and introduced themſelves to Miſs Timid's father accordingly. The ladies were mightily pleaſed at the advance, and grew more diſſatisfied with their women every time they dreſſed them, than ever they uſed to be; and their balmy breath oftner eclipſed their features in their toilet glaſſes than formerly.

As all parties in ſecret wiſhed for a ſpeedy concluſion of the matter, the ceremonial reſpect on the

one

one ſide, and cuſtomary coyneſs on the other, daily diminiſhed. They made propoſals to Mr. Timid, who was happy in giving his conſent, as he conceived that his daughter and her fair companion would both be benefited in ſuch marriage. A few weeks afterwards *Hymen* was a pleaſed ſpectator of their nuptials.

"And ſhook his torch of living fire,
"To give each couple fierce deſire."

The honeymoon glided away ſerenely, or rather joyouſly, for the

the day ſaw nothing but feaſting, mirth and pleaſing excurſions; and the night was only ſenſible to love and extaſy. Arcadia in its ſimplicity never produced four people more happy than theſe were, though ſurrounded with luxury.

At length reflection began to reſume her ſeat, and pecuniary conſiderations conſequently followed. They determined to carry on the buſineſs in conjunction as formerly, but to take ſeparate dwelling-houſes, as their family was too large to reſide conveniently together.

They

They accordingly ſettled themſelves at a trifling diſtance from each other, but were ſtill conſtant viſitors; the wives being nearly as inſeparable as before.

The paſſions, when worked up to a pitch beyond the limits uſually preſcribed by nature, never ſinks into their common tone immediately; they fall below it, and the whole animal ſyſtem finds itſelf depreſſed and ſunk into an anxiety for which it is hard to account; the more delicate the conſtitution, the more liable to ſuch depreſſion.

This

This was exactly the caſe with the elder brother's wife. The raptures which the novelty of her ſituation had excited, had been rather too fierce for her delicate conſtitution; the whole nervous ſyſtem was diſordered, and a ſupineneſs ſucceeded, which was rather a tedious companion: the *ſangfroid* of her huſband, inſtead of giving her any relief, rather contributed to encreaſe her dullneſs. Nature in him had been ſtrained to its higheſt pitch; he had exerted himſelf accordingly; but having quite exhauſted his ſtock of extaſies, and the pleaſures of enjoyment not being quite ſo

new as at firſt, his wife found rather too platonic a companion. She now perceived, that though a ſameneſs of diſpoſition may often lay the foundation of friendſhip, yet it can never be a laſting baſis for love. She had too much ice in her own conſtitution to need an encreaſe. One to thaw that ice, not one to add to it, ſhould have been the perſon: a ſameneſs of temper and conſtitution, ſhould not be joined. A ſprightly man, whoſe blood was continually upon the gallop, had juſt been the proper perſon to ſerve her turn. Juſt as ſhe had got here-about in her cogitations, the young merchant

popped

popped into her head—an involuntary ſigh ſtole from her—ſhe bluſhed and began to envy her companion, by wiſhing ſhe had been in a ſimilar ſituation. She ſat down to her ſpinnet in order to divert herſelf by playing a tune or two: but alas, ſhe had not a tune in her head; and as no muſick was at hand, ſhe got up directly from it, and inſenſibly fell into a curious compariſon between the apparent merit of the two merchants; when after a great many pro's and con's which crept into her brain in ſupport of either ſide of the queſtion, ſhe concluded very much to the diſ-

advantage

advantage of her huſband, for women are very expert at proving things agreeable to their inclinations. She was now poſitive that the younger merchant was a very agreeable fellow, and preciſely calculated to have made her happy; while ſhe ingenuouſly diſcovered that the perſon ſhe had unluckily given her hand to was but barely ſo-ſo.

It cannot be imagined that ſuch reflections could much improve this lady's reſpect or complaiſance to her huſband; indeed ſhe could ſcarce preſerve the appearance; and

and having a very penetrating genious, ſhe very judiciouſly employed it in diſcovering every day ſome additional defect in him, ſo that in a few weeks more, ſhe had a ſovereign contempt for her huſband, and fancied that ſhe wronged a more deſerving man, by keeping from him what he ſo very greatly merited.

As to her companion, ſhe never once thought that ſhe ſhould be guilty of any wrong, by ingroſſing or alienating the affections of her huſband; but on the contrary ſhe conceived a diſlike to him, and

fancied that ſhe herſelf had receiv-ed a very great injury, by being robbed of what ſhe was certain would give her happineſs.

Now let us turn to the younger brother. His uncommon flow of ſpirits rendered him, where he had authority, imperious, and where he had not impatient; as the ſame diſpoſition in his wife, occaſioned her to be leſs ſubmiſſive to his will, than what ſquared with his no-tions of implicit obedience in a good ſpouſe, he was determined to rule deſpotically, ſhe was deter-mined not to be curbed. This

cauſed

cauſed a conjugal warfare, and many entertaining altercations enſued, in which the ſpirit of both parties was of admirable ſervice, in giving proper force to ſeveral very ingenious arguments. At length he diſcovered, that to entirely tame a woman of ſpirit, who was determined and inflexible, was a taſk too great to be performed, even by him who cleanſed the Augean ſtable; and is more ſurprizing, got fifty maids with child in one night. This diſcovery greatly detached him from his wife; he was leſs at home, and ſaid leſs when he was, for he reſerved his flow of ſpirits for the tavern,

tavern, and more frequently viſited his brother's houſe. His wife was not in the leaſt chagrined at his abſence, for ſhe always thought that ſhe was ſupreme ruler, when ſhe was alone or documenting her maids, and was at any time willing to reſign to the ſocial converſe of a huſband, while the thoughts of arbitrary power were tacked to it.

" Some men to pleaſure, ſome to
buſineſs take,
" But ev'ry woman is at heart a
rake;

" Some

" Some men to public, ſome to
private ſtrife,
" But ev'ry woman wou'd be queen
for life ;
" Two principles they firſt or laſt
obey,
" The love of pleaſure, and the
love of ſway."

The above lines very exactly particularize the ſituation of both our merchants wives. There was little danger of the elder's wife becoming ambitious, till her amorous inclinations were fully gratified, nor of the younger's wife becoming amorous, till ſhe ſacri-

ficed

ficed the ambition of poſſeſſing uncontroul'd authority to the god of variety.

Thus were matters ſituated, when the younger merchant's frequent viſits at his brother's, gave him frequent opportunities of converſing with his wife. He every day became more than ever pleaſed with her mild, peaceful, and ſerene temper. He was pleaſed with her delicacy, which never permitted her to launch into extravagant vivacity. He found he had made a wrong choice, and thought that ſhe would have

pleaſed

pleaſed him much better than his own wife.

One day when her huſband was abroad, ſhe entreated the young merchant to read a few pages to her, in order to divert the melancholy which oppreſſed her ſpirits. He was happy to obey, and caſting his hand upon a volume of Pope by accident, for he was too intent on obedience to think of ſelecting any particular book: he opened it upon the following paſſage, which through a natural impulſe, he could not forbear dipping into.

" Curſe

" Curſe on all laws but thoſe which
love hath made.
" Let wealth, let honour wait the
wedded dame,
" Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be
her fame.
" Before true paſſion all thoſe views
remove,
" Fame, wealth, and honour,
what are ye to love?
" The jealous God when we pro-
fane his fires,
" Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge
inſpires,
" And often makes miſtaken mor-
tals groan,
" Who ſeek in love, for ought but
love alone.

" Should

" Should at my feet the world's
great maſter fall,
" Himſelf, his throne, his world, I
ſcorn'd 'em all;
" Not Cæſar's empreſs wou'd I
deign to prove;
" No, make me miſtreſs to the man
I love;
" If there be yet another name
more free,
" More fond than miſtreſs, make
me that to thee!
" Oh happy ſtate! where ſouls each
other draw,
" When love is liberty, and na-
ture law:

" All then is full, poſſeſſing and
poſſeſt,
" No craving void left aking in
the breaſt,
" Even thought meets thought,
ere from the lips it part,
" And each warm wiſh ſprings mu-
tual from the heart,
" This ſure is bliſs, if bliſs on earth
can be."

The lady could bear no more, but burſting into tears, retired into the next room, (which happened to be a bed chamber), in order to recompoſe herſelf. The young merchant could do no leſs, in com-

common politeneſs than to follow her and give her all the aſſiſtance in his power.

Though theſe lines were not exactly ſimilar to their ſituation, yet when people have a ſtrong inclination to make ſimiliarity, it is an eaſy matter to imagine that an elephant and a mouſe are much of the ſame ſize. This facility of pairing things occaſioned our lady's tears. The merchant with great good nature took hold of her hand, which he ſqueezed with the moſt conſolatious fervor, and entreated her not to afflict herſelf on the account of a picture which

was

was the mere effuſion of a warm imagination. With a look ineffably tender, and eyes overflowing with pearly drops, ſhe replied, that it was impoſſible not to be ſingularly affected when works of imagination contain all the touches of nature.

" Our poet's lines in eaſy numbers tell,
" He felt the paſſion he deſcribes ſo well."

He ſtill kept moulding her hand. She did not attempt to draw it away, but by two or three gentle compreſſions

compreſſions, ſeemed to indicate that ſhe was pleaſed with its confinement. He at length proceeded ſo far as to kiſs it; ſhe bluſhed, but it was a bluſh of pleaſing approbation. They ſat down upon the ſide of the bed, their eyes were too buſy to permit their tongues to go. He leaned upon her breaſt, by an involuntary impulſe, ſhe, as I have ſaid before, being of a very delicate texture, and at preſent greatly weakened by the conflict of paſſions, was totally unable to ſuſtain ſo great a weight. As the eaſieſt method of diſengaging herſelf, ſhe ſunk down backwards upon the bed.

The young merchant could not well be a calm ſpectator of ſuch a ſituation; he therefore—but the reader's imagination in this place can paint better than I can deſcribe.

They found this method of conſolation too delicious not to repeat it, in order to wipe away every trace of affliction. And as the lady received from her huſband daily cauſes and opportunities of being in the ſpleen, ſhe was frequently obliged to have recourſe to her kind phyſician, who conſtantly relieved her by applying the ſame remedy.

But

But there is no permanent felicity under the ſun. In our moſt ſublime enjoyments we meet with croſſes; thus it happened to our lovers, who having abundance of love, were conſequently troubled with very little diſcretion, for

"The proverb holds, that to be wiſe and love,
"Is hardly granted to the gods above."

Their frequent interviews were ſuſpected, their meetings watched, and their private buſineſs diſcovered by an old truſty domeſtic belonging

belonging to the elder merchant, who thought proper to inform his maſter of all he had diſcovered, to which he added ſome curious comments of his own. Now in ſuch a caſe ſome fools would have thought of nothing but revenge, piſtols, daggers, poiſon and death; but our merchant had more ſenſe; he was of a turn of mind truly philoſophic, and therefore very juſtly thought the beſt revenge he could take was to put the laws of retalliation in force. He enjoined his ſervant to ſecrecy, and then informed him of his plan, in conſequence of which, he pretended a journey to Bath, which would

detain

detain him from home for a few days: but putting his horſe up at an obſcure inn, he concealed himſelf near at hand in order to put his ſcheme in execution.

The lovers you may be ſure were not long ſeparate. The old ſervant who watched them narrowly, ſoon found that it was time to be diligent. He informed his maſter how matters were ſituated, who was at home in an inſtant, and took care to make as much noiſe as poſſible in mounting the ſtairs. The well known, but diſagreeable ſound of his foot ſaluted, or rather grated the ears

of

of his wife and her paramour; they were juſt ſinking into an elyſium of rapture, a critical time, indeed, to be interrupted. The young merchant leaped from the bed, leaving half his joys behind, and taking half mixed with fear with him. As the moſt obvious refuge, he lifted up the cover of a large cheſt which happened to be in the room, and crept in.

He had juſt accompliſhed this, when the huſband entered, it muſt be imagined that the wife was greatly confuſed. She apologized for her diſordered appearance, by ſaying,

ſaying, that ſhe had been greatly indiſpoſed, and had laid herſelf down to try to ſleep; he appeared ſatisfied, and ſhe began to be happy in his ſeemingly unſuſpicious looks. He deſired her to give him a glaſs of a cordial, which was always kept in a cloſet, ſeparated from this bed chamber only by a glaſs door. She went in to fetch it, and left the key in the door, which he immediately locked upon her. Here ſhe was charmingly ſituated, for without being able to come into the room, ſhe could command a full proſpect of it. He had alſo a key in his pocket which would lock the cheſt, and

imme-

immediately applied it to that purpoſe. Having thus impriſoned the two delinquents, he diſpatched a meſſenger for the younger merchants wife, who came immediately, when he briefly related to her the whole affair; then locked the door, very ſedately put the key in his pocket, and taking from thence a pair of pocket piſtols, ſeriouſly told her that ſhe muſt inſtantly comply, to gratify him in the manner his wife had done her huſband, or he would ſhoot him while in the cheſt, to revenge himſelf. She began to argue very ingeniouſly againſt the outrageous immodeſty of his propoſition; but he

he aſſuming a ſterner aſpect than ſhe thought his features capable of exhibiting, and at the ſame time preſenting his piſtol to the cheſt, ſhe cried, "hold, hold, for "heaven's ſake do not murder "him, falſe villain as he is, I muſt "ſave his life, upon your terms, "if none other will ſatisfy you." You need not doubt but the merchant took her at her word, and upon the cheſt took the ſweeteſt revenge in nature. This was certainly better than cutting of throats. As for the confined lovers, I ſhall paſs over their thoughts in ſilence, becauſe I would not anticipate the pretty pic-

ture their ſituation may furniſh to the fancy when properly conſidered.

As ſoon as the merchant had taken his full revenge, and I will aſſure you he was not very moderate in his reſentment, he releaſed the priſoners: I will not tell you how they looked, becauſe I do not recollect, but imagination may give a ſhrewd gueſs. The elder merchant took hold of his brother's hand, and very cordially ſhook it, ſaying, now brother, we are brothers in the moſt extenſive acceptation of the word, and per-

fectly even with each other. The younger merchant not having the leaſt ſhadow of an excuſe to be angry, made a virtue of neceſſity, burſt into a hearty laugh, and was perfectly reconciled to his fortune. The two brothers then perſwaded the ladies into their own humour, who tenderly embraced each other, and charitable forgiveneſs and harmony reigned in the breaſt of each.

THE

THE

WIFE's LOGIC.

I Could not have thought you would have ſerved me ſo, ſays an enraged huſband to a good natured wife.

Why

Why huſband, did not you give me leave to encourage the gentleman, in order to get his money from him.

Your humble ſervant, madam, but that was encouragement with a witneſs, when you complyed with the utmoſt of his wiſhes.

Why, my dear, would you have had me turn whore and cheat too for your benefit? No, no, I will be honeſt in the ſpirit, if not in the fleſh, and to prove the dangerous tendency of ſuch fraudu-

lent deſigns, I will repeat you a ſtory, which I have heard my mama affirm to be fact.

A Frenchman took lodgings near a baker, who, though poor in purſe, was very rich in having a handſome wife—*mark that my dear*—her wit was great, and her reputation unblemiſhed. The Frenchman beheld her with an eye of luſt, and very importunately ſollicited her to grant him ſome favours that ſhall be nameleſs, but his ſuit was to no purpoſe; flattery and threats proving ineffectual, he offered *fifty guineas*. There is

a price for what huſbands diſeſteem, becauſe they may have it when they will. She refuſed the money, but could not forbear telling her huſband of the offer. The baker ſcratched his head and looked very fooliſh, poverty pulled one way, and jealouſy the other. At length ſays he, my dareſt, a method might be hit upon to keep thee chaſte, and yet have the money; I will pretend to go out of town, and then upon the condition of the fifty guineas, do you promiſe monſieur his ſatisfaction. You know our neighbour, Dick the currier, he is a ſtout fellow, I will engage him to aſſiſt me,

me, we will be well armed with a good cudgel each, and then conceal ourſelves under your bed; and as ſoon as the Frenchman hath given you the money, we will crawl out of our confinement and oblige him to decamp; but be ſure get the money firſt.

The thing was agreed upon, ſo ſaid, ſo done. The huſband ſham'd a journey, and came into the houſe with his friend by a back door, with all imaginable ſecrecy.

The

The Frenchman had laid it down as a fundamental principle, to be always upon his guard. Therefore, although he imagined the huſband to be out of town, he anſwered the aſſignation armed with a hanger, and a brace of piſtols. Entering the chamber he careſſed her *ala mode de France*, and being very hot upon the matter, he would ſuffer no time to be loſt, but giving her the money, deſired her to undreſs herſelf. In the firſt place he drew out his piſtols, and laid them upon the table together with his hanger, and then began to undreſs himſelf at the ſame place.

When

When his cloaths were off, he advanced towards the bed with his piſtols and hanger in his hands. She perceiving him thus equiped, demanded what he meant, he replied, " no harm me chere, only " me love when me ſtorm de fort " to have all the arms about me:" he then ſtept into bed, laying the piſtols and hanger within his reach, he then furiouſly attacked the fort and took it by ſtorm. The poor cuckold and his friend, could not but hear what was going forward above, but durſt not ſtir for their lives, for they had the terror of the piſtols and hanger before their eyes. When monſieur had completely

pletely finiſhed his buſineſs, he retired from the bed with the ſame precaution; and having dreſſed himſelf, called to his amorous partner to come to him, ſhe deſired he would excuſe her, becauſe ſhe was ſo extremely hot, that ſhe might catch her death by leaving the bed, but the Frenchman being reſolute, ſhe was under a neceſſity of complying. As ſoon as ſhe was near him, he claped a piſtol to her breaſt, with a "be-"gar you Mrs. Biſh Fox, give "me de gold again, if you will "not kiſs for love, you ſhall not "have me money." It was in vain to expoſtulate, ſhe was compelled

pelled to refund: he put the money into his pocket, and politely bidding her good night, decamped immediately.

The enemy being gone, out crawl the cuckoldly coward, and cowardly friend, who began to lay the fault upon each other, and both upon the woman. Why what could I do, ſays ſhe, ſince he lay a-top of me; and what could we do, ſays they, when you both lay a top of us. Well huſband, ſays ſhe, by this avaricious ſtratagem of yours, you have made me a whore; proved that mighty friend of

of yours a rank coward, and yourſelf a moſt egregious and unpardonable cuckold.

Now huſband, would you have wiſhed to have been in the place of the baker, ſurely no. I have now nothing upon my conſcience, I labour for what I get, and honeſtly give a pennyworth for a penny. You, without any trouble, enjoy the ſweets of my labour, and have, beſides, the happineſs to think, that you may whenever you think proper poſſeſs for nothing, what others think it worth their while to pay ſo large a price

for. Have the courage of the honeſt bold tar, who wiſhed that his captain had cuckolded him, in order that he might have had permiſſion to cuckold the captain in his turn, I will repeat the lines to you.

As John the ſailor, and his laſs,
One morn' were tripping o'er the graſs,
To gather whitethorn as they ſay,
It being on the firſt of May;
John and his captain chanc'd to meet,
And courteouſly each other greet,

First John, the ſailor, touch'd his hat,
The captain bow'd, began to chat:
Pray, Johnny, how came this to paſs,
Where pick'd you up this comely laſs?
With roſy cheeks, and ſparkling eyes,
Thoſe ſnowy breaſts that fall and riſe,
Tempting to ſome more ſecret bliſs.
I muſt, I muſt, John, have a kiſs;

And

And you, whene'er you meet my dame,
Shall welcome be, to do the ſame.
Some few days after, it being fair,
The captain walk'd to take the air;
Led by his hand his lovely bride,
Which happily young Johnny eſpied.
Then Johnny thus; Sir, you know what,
I hope you han't your word forgot.
No, Johnny, by my faith and life,
'Tis your turn now, ſee here's my wife.

John

John ſmil'd, and cock'd his hat aſide,
Then boldly kiſs'd the captain's bride.
Ye gods, ſaid he, I'd give a crown,
Had he but laid my Nancy down,
I'd had—Had what? replies the dame.
—A licence to have done the ſame.

You ſee, that neither captain nor tar troubled themſelves with jealouſy. Be a man of ſenſe—be above perplexing yourſelf with needleſs doubts. I will aſſure my

dearest, that when I was in the arms of Sir G------, if I found any pleasure, it was to think of the profit that would accrue to yourself. Come my dear, don't be cast down, I will divert you with another story that I've heard, or read somewhere, it don't matter which.

A French nobleman fell in love with a citizen's wife, and left no stone unturned till he had rendered all compliance. This lord being one day at court, saw the husband of his fair friend come in upon business, which, upon enquiry,

quiry, he found would detain him a conſiderable time.

The amorous fit ſeized our nobleman; he haſted to gratify his deſires, but the huſband's brother diſcovered them, and ſent word to court of the matter, which preſently brought back the huſband. The lovers heard him coming, the nobleman got into a very ſnug corner, and the wife in a hurry claped his cloaths into a trunk, but being confuſed, an embroidered ſleeve happened to hang out. This the huſband immediately perceived, and taking them out without

out ſeeming to notice how they came there, he ſecured them for his own uſe, and deſired his wife in a very calm good natured manner, to accomodate her friend with an old ſuit of his cloaths. She, without reply, did as he ordered; and the nobleman was ſo chagrined at the affair, that he never would viſit the lady at home any more. Upon a ſtrict examination of the cloaths, the huſband found them to be very valuable, beſides a gold watch, and a purſe which contained a very conſiderable ſum, to this may be added a diamond necklace, and a pair of diamond earrings, which the nobleman had

pre-

ſented to his wife; ſo that he was no inconſiderable gainer by his wife's frolicks. And if my own deary will conſent himſelf, and be a goodhumoured chunk, he ſhall never want encouragement.

THE

THE REASON WHY CUCKOLDS GO TO HEAVEN.

THE real cauſe I mean to tell,
Why cuckolds are excluded hell,
Or why to females it is given,
To ſend by ſin their dears to heaven.

Pluto

Pluto had heard a cuckold's
name,
But never could the ſpirit claim,
For all who came to hell deny'd,
They ever had been brutify'd:
Reſolv'd to know what cuckold
meant,
Belphegor up to earth is ſent;
Who London as a dwelling makes,
And chambers in the Temple
takes.
Glad to eſcape the Stygian dark,
He riſes here a youthful ſpark;
Bent the experiment to try,
He gets a lawyer in his eye,
Whoſe ſpouſe, if fame the truth
reported,
Had often criminally ſported:

And

And thus addreſt the man one day,
"Are you a cuckold, Sir, I pray?"
A cuckold! Sir! the lawyer roars,
Pray, inſtantly get out of doors,
My wife is a Lucretia known,
By ev'ry coxcomb in the town:
An *action* ſhall defend her fame,
And vindicate my injur'd name.

The devil from the Temple haſted,
Nor farther time with lawyers waſted,
But hied to court to end the joke,
And thus a captain brave, beſpoke:

"One

"One thing, good Sir, I fain
wou'd know,
"Are you a cuckold, aye-or-no."

More furious than the limb of
law,
He ſwore, took ſnuff, and bid him
draw;
A captain's wife to be a whore,
Was ne'er ſuſpected, ne'er before.

Glad to get off, in diſcontent,
The devil to the city went,
Reſolv'd more cautiouſly to act,
And ere he ſpoke, to know the
fact,

Not to be chous'd by ev'ry elf,
He gave a cit the horns himſelf,
With whom, once walking o'er the fields,
To taſte the frag'rance nature yields.
He meant to ſteal the cit away,
And quickly leave the realms of day,
To ſeize and put him in a ſack,
And bear to hell upon his back;
The citizen in woundy fright,
Began to roar, and ſcratch and fight,
His maſtiff ſaw his maſter's fear,
And ſeiz'd the devil in the rear,
Who terrify'd in human form,
Behind a hedge eludes the ſtorm,

The

The frighted cuckold trudges back,
And leaves the maſtiff in the ſack,
The devil ſaw a ſomething there,
And thought to take it, was but fair,
Thinking with all his wond'rous wit,
The dog had been the cuckold cit.

Arriv'd at hell, as quick as thought,
He cry'd, I've now a cuckold caught,

Then

Then op'd the ſack, the dog flew
out,
And made a moſt confounded
rout,
Bit the great devil by the tail,
And did the reſt with rage aſ-
ſail.
Is this a cuckold, Pluto roars,
I'll make him quit th'infernal
doors?
If theſe are tricks which cuckolds
play,
No more ſhall ever come this
way,
Cuckolds ſhall never enter hell,
I think their wives will do as well.

THE

THE

WIFE's Revenge.

MR. Thorn, a gentleman of a large fortune, in the county of Eſſex, made it his invariable practice, at all times, and upon all occaſions, to contradict all perſons with whom he happened to have any concern; and to croſs the inclinations of every one over whom

he had power. Bleſt with this ſociable diſpoſition, it muſt be imagined, that he was well beloved in his neighbourhood; he married a woman, whom he diſliked out of pure contradiction to his father, and broke her heart by contradicting herſelf. This poor lady left him a daughter, named Lucy. In croſſing whom the father had diverted himſelf from her birth. If ſhe wanted a doll, ſhe was ſure of a rod. When ſhe deſerved a rod, ſhe was quieted with a doll. But Miſs Lucy happened to have an inclination for contradiction, equal to her father. The more he croſſed her, the more ſpirited ſhe grew,

and

and teized him as much as his heart could wiſh.

Miſs Lucy was now turned of ſixteen, and had as much health, ſpirits, and pride, as any young lady in the country. It may be requiſite to deſcribe her perſon; in which I muſt premiſe, that there is as much difference between handſome and pretty, as between witty and wiſe; but the regularly beautiful and ſententiouſly wiſe, are oftentimes leſs admired than the pretty, wanton, or witty prattler. Upon this plan we cannot rate Miſs Lucy as wiſe or beauti-

ful;

ful; but ſhe had what the world calls wit, and was what connoiſſeurs term pretty. She was beſide genteel, and had ſo much vivacity, that I dare affirm, you might hear her ſay more in one hour than ever the wiſe Plato ſpoke in a week.

She had received a tolerable education; for her father perceiving from her childhood, that ſhe had no manner of inclination for books, compelled her; but obſerving that ſhe was immoderately fond of dancing, he threatened the neck of any dancing-maſter who ſhould preſume to teach her. She was there-

fore

fore under a neceſſity of gaining that polite accompliſhment by ſtealth.

An agreeable young gentleman of the neighbourhood, who frequently viſited at Mr. Thorn's, conceived an affection for his daughter. If I muſt ſpeak candidly, I believe Miſs Lucy had a reciprocal affection for him, becauſe ſhe never would give him a civil word, or ſuffer any body but herſelf to ſpeak ill of him. Mr. Thorn, who was amazingly clever at penetration, conſtrued his daughter's incivility in the ſame manner

as

as I have done; and conceiving that ſhe was doatingly fond of the young gentleman, he in a very cavalier manner forbid him the houſe. If the daughter did not doat upon him before, this was enough to make her, but ſhe ſcorned to fall ſick, or even ſhed a tear, becauſe ſhe imagined it would give her father ſome ſatisfaction. Mr. Smart, the abovementioned young gentleman, had ſenſe enough to perceive her paſſion through her affected diſdain. And being rather angry with Mr. Thorn, he determined to owe him a grudge, and if ever he found an opportunity, to avail himſelf of Miſs Lucy's pre-

prepoſſeſſion in his favour, to revenge himſelf both of father and daughter.

In the ſame town a Mr. Crab had his dwelling, he was happy in a temper which would have ſuited him wonderfully for chief tormentor in the Spaniſh inquiſition. As to his perſon I'm credibly informed that a painter came forty miles to take a ſketch of it, which he intended for a devil that he was ordered to paint. To theſe perfections of the internal thought and external appearance, were added, a few entertaining diſeaſes, which never

never fail to render a man agreeable to the ladies. Such as the gout, ſtinking breath, huſking cough, and evil. This perſon Mr. Thorn was ſenſible his daughter hated abominably, he therefore, as the moſt effectual croſs to her inclinations, determined if poſſible, to make her marry him. He hinted his deſign to Crab, who was in raptures at the thought of poſſeſſing ſo beautiful a young lady, though he was amazed to think how Mr. Thorn come to think of ſuch a thing, but it was not his buſineſs to communicate his amazement.

It may be imagined that Miſs Lucy was almoſt raving mad when ſhe received the news of her future bridegroom, and found out that a man whoſe perfections ſhe well knew, was nominated without her conſent, as a candidate for a place in her affections; but thou who thinkeſt ſo will be miſtaken, for ſhe well knew that oppoſition would only confirm her father in his intentions. She therefore, when he mentioned the affair to her, told him with great compoſure, that ſhe would beſtow her hand as he thought proper; but her policy here failed her, for Mr. Thorn well knew, that ſuch an extraor-

dinary compliance could ariſe only from art, and her ſeeming obedience to his pleaſure, was a mere cloak to cover ſome piece of deceit: he told her he took her at her word, and that the nuptials ſhould be celebrated with all convenient ſpeed.

As he was naturally ſuſpicious, and her artful behaviour had rouzed every particle of that quality in his body, he ordered Miſs Lucy to be ſtrictly watched; his precaution was of ſervice, for it prevented her from doing what he ſuſpected ſhe would attempt—to make an elopement.

elopement. Fruſtrated in her deſign, ſhe now indeed became almoſt frantic. As ſhe thought the propoſal originated from Mr. Crab, ſhe conſulted with a favourite maid, who was the only perſon allowed to come, concerning the method to be revenged on him. The maid who was a ſhrewd girl, told her the only way to be revenged, was to marry him; this advice at firſt ſtartled her, but after a great many pro's and con's, and innumerable ingenious arguments between herſelf and the maid, ſhe came to the moſt Chriſtian reſolution of marrying out of pure ſpite and malice.

The

The ceremonial was ſettled; the day fixed, and every thing provided.

It may be imagined that no three people in the world, could differ more in ſentiments than theſe three, but I will venture to affirm, that no people's minds ever jumped more exactly together; for Mr. Thorn had the ſublime ſatisfaction to think, that his daughter would be miſerable. Mr. Crab had the pleaſure to reflect that he ſhould not only have the enjoyment of a delicious young lady, but alſo have it in his power, to entertain himſelf

ſelf daily, by tormenting her for all the ſarcaſms ſhe had formerly thrown upon him. And ſhe was not in the leaſt behind hand with either in the kindneſs of her intentions, for ſhe was reſolved that if ever a man repented doing a raſh thing, ſhe would make Mr. Crab ſeverely repent.

Thus circumſtanced, the marriage ceremony was performed. They were all happy in their private thoughts or private intentions, and aukwardly complaiſant to outward appearance; the day paſſed over tolerably. At night the bride was

put to bed, and the bridegroom, brimful of flames, came tottering after; but he came to the wrong place to quench his flame, for ſhe reſolutely defended herſelf from his amourous aſſaults; and being aſſiſted by reſolution, health, vigor and ſpirits, particularly the ſpirit of contradiction, ſhe ſucceeded to a miracle; and the old man being foiled, remained breathleſs for ſome time. When he came to himſelf a little he began to expoſtulate with her, but ſhe was inexorable, and could not be moved by the words of age. The only anſwer ſhe gave him was in the words of Dryden.

This

This impudence of age whence
can it ſpring,
All it would have, but yet can no-
thing bring;
Eager to aſk, but yet beyond a
grant,
Nice in providing what it cannot
want.

It is eaſy to imagine what a comfortable night he paſſed; nay, the next day he declared to Mr. Thorn, that although he had had a complication of diſorders for many years, he had never paſſed a night of ſuch torment.

We

We ſee by Mrs. Crab's reſolute behaviour, that a fair young lady may, if ſhe pleaſes, be even diſagreeable in bed. However, their tormenting each other, gave Mr. Thorn infinite pleaſure, as he promiſed himſelf much entertainment from this match for years to come.

Mr. Smart had found means to bribe the beforementioned favourite maid into his intereſt. She had given him an account of the bridal night, which pleaſed him wonderfully, and entruſted her with a billet for her miſtreſs, which ſhe faithfully delivered. It was ſuperſcribed.

TO THE

FAIR SACRIFICE.

And contained as follows.

Since you are doom'd to curſe
your fate,
And forc'd whom you ſhould love
to hate,
Ne'er let your ills to grief betray,
But yield to gentle pleaſure's ſway;
Think on the rapid courſe of time,
And while you may, enjoy your
prime.

Oh

Oh! might I but poſſeſs thoſe charms,
And feaſt on joys within thoſe arms!
Might I thoſe ruby lips but preſs,
Thoſe panting hills of ſnow careſs,
Then feaſt on pleaſures more ſublime,
And heaven in your enjoyment climb.
Ye Gods! how happy ſhould I be,
Grant me the lovely charming ſhe,
And I'll contented be for life,
Enjoy calm peace, and baniſh ſtrife;
And if I e'er unfaithful prove,
Then blaſt me all ye powers of love.

Subſcribed. *A Friend to diſtreſs.*

To which Mrs. Crab returned for anſwer the following:

TO THE

FRIEND TO DISTRESS.

In plain proſe you receive the virginity of my epiſtolary correſpondence, for I never before wrote to a man ſince a virgin bride, who is dermined to dye rather then reſign her virginity unleſs it be in the arms of youth. If you think this proſe epiſtle an anſwer

ſwer to your poetical one, throw off the trammels of jingle and fiction, and another epiſtle will be received with pleaſure, by

One in Diſtreſs.

The maid was ſoon charged with another epiſtle from Mr. Smart, which runs thus:

TO

TO

ONE IN DISTRESS.

Dear Creature,

Give me leave to aſſure you in plain unfictious proſe, that your epiſtle has given me the moſt ſenſible delight; but the elevated ſtile of poetry only can tell how much I love you, what in the poet might be fiction, in me is realized.

My life, my ſoul, my all that
heaven can give,
Death's life with thee, without
thee's death to live.

You know fair creature, that my right to the poſſeſſion of your lovely perſon, is prior to that of that infernal old debilitated wretch, to whom your whimſical parent has ſo injudiciouſly joined you, if a real and unremitted paſſion can conſtitute right; but I wave all claims but thoſe which love can make. How I glory in your reſolution, to preſerve yourſelf inviolate from one who cannot be deemed

deemed your husband, since your soul disclaims him. Oh fairest creature! preserve that resolution, I will quickly relieve you, or perish in the attempt. You may yet become mine, the law will doubtless disannul a marriage which has not been consummated, and has not been guided by love: let not custom enslave you.

"Custom, which all the world
to slavery brings,
"The dull excuse for doing silly
things."

An

An aſylum is eaſy to be found, to which you may retire till the affair can be decided.

I am, dear madam,

Your admirer, and

Sincere humble ſervant,

C. Smart.

As Mrs. Crab teized her nominal huſband all night, he determined to retaliate by teizing her all day, and ſo tormented her from morning to night with his delightful

ful company, that ſhe had ſcarce five minutes together to herſelf throughout the whole four and twenty hours. However, ſhe did the beſt ſhe could to reward him by a nocturnal rejection of his embraces, and daily exerciſe of a tongue not the leaſt flippant in the world.

Mr. Smart was all the while buffeting his imagination for ſome feaſible ſcheme to ſteal her away; he plan'd, and rejected his plans, then replanned, and ſtill diſliked his own deſigns. When accident, who is often very good natured,

preſented him with an opportunity which would prevent him from buſſing his brains any longer.

Mr. Crab being under an abſolute neceſſity of going to a village about three miles diſtant from his dwelling place, did not chuſe to leave his complying rib behind. A one horſe chaiſe was the vehicle of conveyance for the fond couple, and they ſet off together with as much ſpleen in their hearts againſt each other as could be reaſonably expected. One ſervant only attending them.

When

When they had proceeded about half way, the horſe took fright, and being as vicious a creature as his maſter, ran with great fury. Mr. Crab was jolted out of the chaiſe, and lay prone on the earth bemoaning his bruiſes. The ſervant was ſolicitous only about his maſter, becauſe he fancy'd that would be moſt to his intereſt.

The horſe kept going at a vaſt rate, to the great terror of Mrs. Crab; who, however, ſtill kept her ſeat, when a bar, which an old beggarman attended to open to paſſengers, ſtoped his career.

The

The man handed her out of the chaiſe, and held the horſe ſtill; when, who ſhould come that way by accident, but Mr. Smart. He heard of the danger ſhe had been in with pain, but was happy in her eſcape, and lucky rencounter; they diſpatched the man back with the chaiſe, and ordered him to bring an account to them of Mr. Crab's welfare. However, as ſoon as they loſt ſight of him, they did not think proper to ſtay upon the ſpot, but Mrs. Crab with great intrepidity mounted behind her lover who was on horſeback, and they made the greateſt expedition poſſible through a bye road, to a neighbouring

neighbouring poſt town, where having hired a poſt-chaiſe, they without moleſtation arrived ſafe in London.

Their firſt buſineſs was to take private lodgings, where the night ſaw her, though married to one, enjoyed by another.

They are now labouring for a diſſolution of the marriage, which conſummation alone ſhould have confirmed, but counſel on the other part object, that being repeatedly, and by her own conſent, in bed with

with her huſband, is ſufficient proof of conſummation. Mr. Crab ſtrenuouſly inſiſts, that the marriage is completed, in order to ſue Mr. Smart for *crim. con.* and obtain ſwinging damages. We muſt, therefore, leave the deciſion of this knotty point, to the deciſion of the gentlemen of the long robe.

THE

THE POLITE WIFE.

JOBSON, an honeſt merry clown,
Reſolv'd to wed a dame from town,
For country dames were plain downright,
But London laſſes quite polite,

And

And ſure fine compliments will go,
Farther than ſimple, ay, or no;
So by the clergy's uſeful aid,
He married to a lady's maid.
She pleas'd him with her rowling eyes,
She captivated with court lies,
And underſtood full well beſide,
The way to hornify her bride,
Yet could moſt cunningly conceal,
What blund'ring country dames reveal.
Jobſon, on manners ſtill intent,
Muſt ride to town to pay his rent,

Since

Since he was never ſuch a clown,
For rent to bring his landlord down,
The lover near at hand, ſoon hears,
That nought's at home to raiſe his fears.
He comes, they meet with open arms,
His pulſe beats thick with love's alarms.
Each burning with a mutual fire,
Prepares to gratify deſire;
When, Oh! unlucky to report,
Returning, Jobſon ſpoil'd the ſport;

His bag of money he'd forgot:
Deuce take the money—curſe the
ſot,
His diſappointed helpmate mut-
ter'd,
But loves, and dears, ſhe loudly
utter'd.
The lover in a cloſet pent,
His curſes through the key hole
ſent.
The money in his pocket plac'd,
Again the clown his wife em-
brac'd;
Farewell my dear, my love a-
dieu,
Make haſte, ſhe cries, nay, pri-
thee do.

He

He mounts his horſe, and wipes
his brows,
And hat in hand ſalutes his ſpouſe:
Ah, wipe your brows, for wipe
you may,
You'll never wipe your horns a-
way.
While throw the window leans his
wife,
And cries, pray ſoon be home, my
life:
I will, my deareſt, he replies,
And ſo will I, the lover cries.
No longer able to forbear,
He furiouſly aſſaults the rear.
She cries; by ardent paſſion mov'd,
Be quick my love, my beſt belov'd:

I will

I will, ſays Jobſon.——Do——She heaves:
And ſo will I, the lover breathes.
Poor Jobſon thought her wondrous kind,
Nor dreamt of any work behind:
While ſhe, quite madden'd with deſire,
And fiercely panting to expire;
Says, do not, do not dally ſo;
But, ſweeteſt jewel, deareſt, go.
I'll go directly, my ſweet dove,
Says Jobſon, to his virtuous love.
Oh, go! ſays ſhe, or I ſhall die,
And now ſhe brings a ſhorter ſigh,
My dear, I'll hide my face, ſays ſhe,
Or you'll not go, I plainly ſee.

Her

Her features twiſting with delight,
She hid from loving huſband's ſight,
And he his journey juſt begun,
As they their loving ride had done:
He nothing of the matter knew;
The eye ne'er ſaw, the heart can't rue.
All eaſy huſbands well deſerve,
While jealous men their torment carve.
Poor Jobſon's epitaph I'll write,
And bring his merits to the light.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this ſtone poor Jobſon lies,
Who was, to plague himſelf, too wiſe.
He liv'd an harmleſs eaſy life,
And ne'er was known to doubt his wife.
For ſhe, good woman, pleas'd him well.
And never did with tongue rebel.
If, to pleaſe others, ſhe inclin'd,
You know, it ſhew'd her wond'rous kind.

Then

Then let his praiſe your tongues
employ,
Who ne'er abridg'd his helpmate's
joy.

THE

THE FAULT found out.

ALL women wou'd be of one piece,
The virtuous matron and the miſs.
The nymphs of chaſte Diana's train,
The ſame as thoſe in Newtoner's lane.
But for the difference marriage make.
'Twixt wives and ladies of the lake.

HUDIBRAS.

A hearty

A hearty old country 'ſquire thought proper to give his daughter in marriage to an induſtrious country farmer, who had partly by good fortune, partly by prudence, acquired a tolerable fortune. When they were married, the old gentleman made this proviſo, that they ſhould not have a ſixpence of his money till the day twelvemonth after the marriage; when, if his daughter had a boy he would give them ten thouſand pounds; if a girl, only five thouſand pounds; but if ſhe had no child, only five hundred. The farmer readily agreed to the conditions; as from the health, vigour, and youth of the

the young lady and himſelf, he did not doubt but they ſhould obtain either the five or ten thouſand pounds. But he reckoned without his hoſt; for the year paſſed away without his labour's producing any thing. He hinted to his wife, that he believed the fault was on her ſide. But ſhe had ſome ſhrewd ſuſpicions concerning his ſterility. He began to regret the ſingle ſtate which he had quitted for a golden dream. When he was

" Lord of himſelf, uncumber'd
" with a wife,

Where,

Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence ſucceeds a ſhort delight.
Minds are ſo hardly match'd that ev'n the firſt,
Tho' pair'd by heav'n, in paradiſe were curſt:
For man and woman, tho' in one they grew,
Yet firſt or laſt, return again to two.
He to God's image, ſhe to his was made;
So farther from the fount the ſtream at random ſtray'd.
How could he ſtand when put to double pain,
He muſt a weaker than himſelf ſuſtain.

Each

Each might have ſtood perhaps, but each alone,
Two wreſtlers help to pull each other down.

Our heroine, Mrs. Demure, had a great mind to try an experiment, in order to find out where the fault lay; but thought it moſt adviſable to act with precaution; for ſhe had ever been celebrated for her piety, and always accounted as innocent and chaſte as Lucretia. Her plan was to ſteal pleaſure, and enjoy reputation. This could only be done by meeting with ſome good ſmart young fellow, who would prefer

prefer private bliſs to public vanity.

All women wou'd be counted chaſte and wiſe,
Nor ſhou'd their huſbands ſee but with their eyes:
For fools will prate, and tho' they want the wit
To find cloſe faults; yet open blots will hit:
So noiſe enſues, and quarrels laſt for life:
The wife the huſband hates and he the wife.

But how to find a proper perſon was the thing. Men of that ſtamp are not every day to be met with. She at laſt pitched upon one who ſeemed every way fit for her purpoſe. He ſeemed calculated by nature to quench a flame; and at the ſame time was ſo extremely hard featured, that there was little probability of his exciting jealouſy. Mrs. Demure was wiſe; ſhe very preciſely knew what ſhe wanted, and could not be comprehended in that general character of the ſex given by Mr. Dryden.

The

The thoughtleſs ſex is caught by
outward form,
And empty noiſe, and loves itſelf in
man.

Mr. Tamer, the gentleman who had caught her eye, or rather her ſenſations, was likewiſe of a very cloſe diſpoſition, and too cunning to be eaſily entrapped. He was by profeſſion a drawing-maſter. Mrs. Demure therefore, in order to get him introduced into the family, pretended to have a great inclination to learn to draw flowers and inſects. A maſter was neceſſary to

to give her a few inſtructions. Mr. Tamer was employed, and every thing went on juſt as ſhe would have it. Her inclination ſtrongly aſſiſting her, ſhe fancied that ſhe every day diſcovered ſome new charm in him. She could no longer perceive the diſagreeableneſs of his features. She wondered how ſhe could ever have thought him ugly; nay, by the help of imagination, ſhe perſuaded herſelf that he was far preferable to her huſband, who in fact was, to outward appearance, very handſome, though deficient in what the ſex deem the grand tie of affection.

What

What art thou, love? thou great
myſterious thing:
From what hid ſtock does thy
ſtrange nature ſpring?
'Tis thou that mov'ſt the world
thro' ev'ry part,
And the frame holdeſt faſt that no-
thing ſtart.
From thy due place and office firſt
ordain'd,
By thee were all things made, and
are ſuſtain'd.
Love blinds the wiſe, gives eyeſight
to the blind,
And moulds, and ſtamps anew the
lover's mind.

Mrs. Demure gave as many broad tokens as her gravity would permit. And Mr. Tamer ſoon gave her a convincing and pleaſing proof of his penetration.

Mrs. Demure now diſcovered that ſhe

——Of marriage bands was weary grown;
Love ſcorns all ties, but thoſe that are his own.
Chains that are drag'd muſt needs uneaſy prove,
For there's a godlike liberty in love.

Mr.

Mr. Tamer took great pains to pleaſe his miſtreſs, who was very willing to be pleaſed; and ſo they perfectly agreed.

Mr. Demure being greatly chagrined to think there was any room to doubt his manhood, hit upon a very ingenious contrivance to put the matter beyond a doubt.

There happened to be in the neighbourhood a girl who had ſtolen ſome forbidden fruit, and carried it before her in ſuch a manner as to let every body know what ſhe had been at.

Mr.

Mr. Demure had caſually heard of this girl, and that ſhe obſtinately denied revealing the name of the father to any one. He fancied ſhe would juſt ſerve his purpoſe: and having found an opportunity of ſpeaking to her in private, he propoſed to reward her bountifully if ſhe would lay the child to him. She was pleaſingly ſurprized at the propoſition, and very readily conſented to oblige Mr. Demure; ſince it doubly obliged herſelf. She did not care a pin about his reaſons for making ſuch a propoſal; but when the thing came to be blazed about, it would credit her with having an intrigue with

a man

a man of opulence; for the only reaſons for her denying to name the father, were founded on neither good-nature nor prudence, but pride; for the father being only a plough-boy, and that the pooreſt in the place, ſhe was aſhamed of confeſſing that ſhe had ever beheld him with a favourable eye. The loſs of her virtue never gave her an uneaſy thought; but the meanneſs of him to whom ſhe had loſt it, nettled her vanity too much to ſuffer it to become a public tale. Many ſecrets are concealed upon the ſcore of vanity only among thoſe who move in a higher ſphere than this girl.

The

The child was ſoon after born, and Mr. Demure announced as the father. All the clowns in the place ſtared, and looked as wiſe as they could upon the occaſion; and the good old women, and goſſiping wives took great pains, and cudgelled their brains inceſſantly to find how the affair could come about.

Mrs. Demure held a privy council in her own breaſt, concerning how ſhe ſhould behave upon the occaſion. At length ſhe came to a reſolution, that the moſt decent thing ſhe could do, was to clapper-

claw

claw him very handſomely, and ſcold like a Billingſgate. This ſhe did inceſſantly for three hours, till ſhe made the poor man ſtare like a ſtuck pig. When ſhe ceaſed, which he began to fear ſhe never would, he found the ſum total of her elaborate oration to amount to no more than this, that he was a very cruel man, to exert himſelf ſo much abroad, and ſo little at home; and that he was a very vicious man, not to be virtuous. As ſoon as ſhe had finiſhed rattling him, he went to take a little walk, in order to recover his breath; and Mr. Tamer attending, ſhe very conſcientiouſly went, with a deal

of

of pleaſure, to commit the very ſame crime for which ſhe had been ſo learnedly abuſing her huſband.

Mr. Demure, in his cool thoughts, had a great notion that Congreve was right in ſaying,

——————We hope to find
That help which nature meant in womankind;
To man that ſupplemental ſelf-deſign,
But proves a burning cauſtic when apply'd.
And Adam ſure could with more eaſe abide,
The bone when broken, than when made a bride.

Mrs.

Mrs. Demure began to ſhew ſigns of pregnancy, to the great joy of all concerned, except the huſband; for he having lately conſulted a very ſkilful ſurgeon, had but very little reaſon to entertain any great opinion of his abilities in the fertile way; he therefore determined to watch her very narrowly; for, by the forwardneſs of the fruit, the tree muſt have been planted long before his ſuppoſed ſlip: ſo that his wife could not pretend to palm it on him by way of retort; but muſt have acted in the matter as firſt aggreſſor.

He began now to entertain many doubts. And

Doubts and fears to jealouſy will turn
The hotteſt hell in which a heart can burn.

Well might Lee ſpeak with ſuch energy concerning this yellow-ey'd fiend:

Oh, plague me, heaven! plague me with all the woes
That man can ſuffer; root up my poſſeſſions;

Ship-

Shipwreck my far-ſought ballaſt in the haven ;
Fire all my cities ; burn my duke-dom down ;
Let midnight wolves howl in my deſert chambers ;
May the earth yawn, ſhatter the frame of nature ;
Let the wreck'd orbs in whirlwinds round me move ;
But ſave me from the rage of jea-lous love.

Diſcontented cuckolds are ſaid to be thoſe ingrateful beings, who will neither praiſe, nor thank their maker. Mr. Demure had great thoughts

thoughts of being one of the number, inſtead of intending to enliſt into the train of the more pious: for contented cuckolds are undoubtedly pious people.

Let all who will from eaſe diſſent,
He muſt be happy who's content.

In the true ſpirit of cuckoldom, Mr. Demure was very aſſiduous in watching all his wife's motions, in order to diſcover the motion that he dreaded.

Inqui-

Inquiſitive as jealous cuckolds
grow,
Rather than not be knowing they
will know,
What being known creates their
certain woe.

Or, as Othello ſays,

——Oh! Curſe of marriage,
That we can call thoſe delicate
creatures ours,
And not their appetites; I had ra-
ther be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dun-
geon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I
love
For others uſes.——Yet 'tis the
plague of great ones.
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the
care.
'Tis deſtiny unſhunable like death,
I had been happy if the general
camp,
Pioneers and all, had taſted her
ſweet body,
So I had nothing known.
I ſwear 'tis better to be much a-
bus'd
Than but to know't a little.
What ſenſe had I of her ſtolen
hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it
harm'd not me.

I ſlept

I ſlept the night well, was free and
merry.
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her
lips.
He that is rob'd, not wanting what
is ſtolen,
Let him not know't, and he is not
rob'd at all.

While Mr. Demure was taking as much trouble as poſſible, to plague himſelf, his wife was to the full as precautious not to be entrapped; when Mr. Demure one day received a letter, the hand-writing of which he did not know, and therefore retired to a very pri-

vate

vate ſummer-houſe in the garden, in order to peruſe it.

The letter was as follows.

Gude ſur,

You muſt no as hou I coud be verey well marred——if I hed a hunderd pounds——as I obleged you, I ope you vill oblige me and youre afair ſhal never be nown—— but if you done not tink proper to be my frend——I ſhall keepe no cecrets.

I am ſur

as you chuſe to mak me

cilent or a blab.

MARTHA PERT.

I ſhal

I ſhal ſpeke to morro if I done not here from you.

He had ſcarce peruſed the letter, when he heard two voices, which proceeded from a cloſe walk.——They ſeemed to approach towards the ſummer-houſe in which he was——As he knew one of the voices proceeded from his wife, his jealouſy, or curioſity prompted him to obſerve what buſineſs they had there.—In order to which he retired to an adjoining green-houſe, from which he could hear diſtinctly, and thro' a chink

ſee

ſee plainly all that paſt in the ſummer-houſe.

In his confuſion, upon his retiring, as he was going to put the letter into his pocket, he ſlipt it aſide, and it remained upon the ground. When Mr. Tamer and Mrs. Demure came in they ſaw it; and after peruſing the contents, they hit upon Mrs. Pert's true meaning: for as ſhe had obliged him in ſomething which he feared ſhould be made public, they judiciouſly concluded, that he himſelf had certainly bribed the girl to

ſcan-

ſcandalize him for a thing which nature had put it out of his power to merit.

When they had diverted themſelves with their diſcovery, as long as their libidinous eagerneſs would permit, Mr. Tamer very good-natur'dly began to make up Mr. Demure's deficiencies, and to perform his buſineſs with great induſtry. But Mr. Demure, who had nor the grace to be thankful to him for his diligence, attempted to get at them; but he was prevented in his ſudden deſign by a ſpring-lock, which had cloſed after him

him, and could only be open'd on their ſide of the partition. The noiſe, however, rouſed them from the moſt faſcinating enchantment of which human nature is capable; and they fled towards the houſe with great precipitation. Mr. Tamer immediately decamped, and the chaſte Mrs. Demure retired to her chamber to conſider in what manner ſhe ſhould negotiate the matter with her huſband, whoſe bellowing had brought a ſervant to his releaſe. He immediately ſought his wife, and found her prepared to enter into a diſſertation on the propriety of her conduct.

Now

Now reaſons and arguments, together with rhetorical flouriſhes and tropes flew about as thick as hail, but the woman had ſo much the advantage, as indeed women generally have in tongue matters, that ſhe convinced him ſhe had done him a credit and not a diſhonour, that ſhe had never revealed to the world his deficiences, but had procured a friend privately to make them up to her. That without that friend's aſſiſtance they ſhould never have had another guinea from her father, but now they were in a manner ſure of five thouſand pounds. That he was ſenſible of his inability, as his ſubterfuge

with regard to Mrs. Pert clearly evinced. At length they came to a truce, he agreed to be content, or atleaſt to diſſemble it; and ſhe conſented that Mrs. Pert ſhould be portioned out with a hundred pounds, that the fame of his impotency might not be blazed about, for there is nothing an impotent man ſo much dreads as its being known.

As ſoon as the child, which happened to be female, came into the world to encreaſe the noiſe already making in it, they received five thouſand pounds, which greatly recon-

reconciled Mr. Demure to his horns. The father aſſured them that his promiſe ſhould ſtill be fulfilled if he was grandfather to a boy at the expiration of another twelvemonth. Mr. Tamer therefore being ſuch an excellent workman, was by the huſband's conſent, entreated to reſume his former occupation.

WITH

WITH ALL MY HEART;

OR THE

DROLL MISTAKE.

WITH all my heart, says Mr. Trimit the Laceman, to his particular friend Mr. Pinum the haberdasher, who had just been pro-

propoſing to him to treat their wives with a journey to Bath. With all my heart, I am very agreeable to make ſo delightful an excurſion, ſays the condeſcending and good humoured Mr. Trimit, we'll ſet off to-morrow morning.

The journey was propoſed to their wives, each replied, With all my heart; and the next evening ſaw them at Reading in Berkſhire. As for the ſign of the inn they put up at, you'll excuſe me, for I really don't recollect it. The ladies were very much fatigued, and had a very good appetite, they eat

heartily and went to bed early, as they intended to get up early; the gentlemen ſtayed below to ſmoke a pipe over a chearful bottle with ſome other travellers.

They drank a great deal, ſmoked a great deal, talked a great deal, and ſat up a long while, for they dipped very deeply into the bottomleſs ocean of diſquiſition, being engaged in a very learned altercation, concerning the reaſon why mules do not generate. When they had tired themſelves with canvaſſing the ſubject and concluding upon nothing, Mr. Pinum ſtammered

mered out, for they were half ſeas over, ſhall we retire to reſt? Which was anſwered, with a With all my heart, by his friend Mr. Trimit. They went accordingly to ——

* * * *

Six o'clock in the morning.

Will you ariſe, ſays Trimit half aſleep, with all my heart, replies his bedfellow, under the ſame circumſtances.

Mr.

Mr. Trimit dreſt himſelf immediately, but judge of his ſurpriſe, when he beheld, emerging from the enveloping curtains.

——— Mrs. Pinum.

They, for ſome time, ſtared at each other, as if they had ſeen a grave open, and the dead riſing from it.

How could this have happened? ſays Mr. Trimit, heſitating as the thoughts of his own wife glanced through

through his imagination. How could this have happened?

It is amazing! ſays Mrs. Pinum, it is actually amazing, as thoughts ſomething ſimilar to thoſe of Mr. Trimit, began to occupy a corner of her fancy.

Will you deſcend to the parlour, cried Trimit? With all my heart, replied the lady.

PARLOUR SCENE.

Here Mr. Pinum, and Mrs. Trimit, appeared with equal marks of conſternation written in their faces. Perhaps a parlour belonging to an inn never exhibited at the ſame time four people under ſuch whimſical circumſtances. They all looked very fooliſh, or very cunning, I do not remember which, but I am certain they did not ſpeak at the ſame time. I wiſh Hogarth had been living and preſent at the time, he would have

have made their looks ſpeak plain enough.

At length Mr. Pinum burſt out into a loud laugh, and Mr. Trimit could not for the heart of him forbear laughing, to ſee him laugh upon ſuch an occaſion. Mrs. Pinum thought it odd, but ſhe bluſhed and tittered, and Mrs. Trimit was ſcarlet up to the ears, by attempting to ſuppreſs a riſing giggle. As their looks began to ſoften into pleaſantry, Pinum cried out, hang it, we came out for a frolick, and I think accident has contrived in a very ingenious

manner

manner to give us one, let us be reconciled to the occurence.

With all my heart, ſays Trimit, it is paſt recall, and luckily among friends only; our only fault was drinking too much, and thinking too little. What do you ſay, ladies? With all my heart, ſays Mrs. Pinum with a leer; with all my heart, whined out Mrs. Trimit. All things were eaſy.

They made themſelves very merry with the affair the whole day. It was a pleaſant miſtake enough, and when the glaſs had circled

pretty

pretty freely in the evening, Mr. Pinum, who was of a very jovial diſpoſition, propoſed, that as fortune had thought proper to mate them in the manner ſhe had done laſt night, it was a great pity to diſoblige her by flying in her face, and disjoining what ſhe had thought proper to join, till they arrived in London. Mr. Trimit, for the ſake of the joke, agreed that they ſhould continue paired as they were the enſuing night.

The ladies, indeed, bluſhed up to the ears, and talked a great deal about propriety and decency, and

being ſurpriſed how ſuch thoughts could come into people's heads. But the huſbands puſhed home their arguments in ſupport of ſo gameſome a reſolution; nay, Mr. Trimit inſiſted upon making an amendment to the propoſition, by adding, that the wives ſhould be changed in the ſame manner in all future excurſions into the country, and again reſumed upon returning to town. The ladies for ſometime, indeed, continued to object, but as they did not argue with their uſual obſtinacy, they were overcome, and brought to, with all my heart, if Mrs. Pinum is agreeable, with all my heart,

if

if Mrs. Trimit is agreeable; and the thing was ſo.

I have ſince heard, that they very often entreat their huſbands to indulge them with a country jaunt, who are both ſo obliging upon ſuch occaſions, as to ſay, with all my heart.

THE

THE SECRETARY's MISHAP.

Marriage is a beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul way,
Therefore 'tis not to be admir'd,
It ſhou'd ſo ſuddenly be tir'd.

HUDIBRASS.

A Certain coxcomb maker, but leaſt my meaning ſhould be miſunder-

miſunderſtod, or not underſtood at all, as is frequently the caſe with the writings of that great penſioner and lexicographer, doctor Johnſon, I ſhall explain the phraſe, I mean Mr. Stitchtight, the taylor, took it into his head in the ſame manner as Adam did, that he wanted a wife. A wife he accordingly got, but unluckily being rather in a hurry, he had conſulted her perſonal charms, and never once recollected any thing about inclination, or the beauties of the mind; or perhaps, as our taylor was a very religious man, he

choſe her purpoſely for a ſticking mortification.

Mrs. Stitchtight was very pretty and tolerably fooliſh; ſhe had health and a warm conſtitution, and underſtood ogling better than ſaying her prayers.

The huſband was very loving and very indulging, the novelty of connubial bliſs pleaſed her mightily, and ſhe fancied herſelf a very deſerving perſon to merit ſo much indulgence. She had great faith in what her huſband ſaid,

and

and great obedience to his commands, for when he called her an angel, ſhe implicitly believed him, and when he bid her, that is, entreated her to accept a diamond necklace, ſhe obeyed him with a great deal of pleaſure. A diamond necklace may ſound odd for a tylor to preſent to his wife, but our taylor was no petty botcher, for he had ſtitched himſelf into an eſtate. And you know he could not do better than lay it out upon his loving wife, who was always willing to divert him, whenever he choſe to relax from the ſeverities of piety and pieceing. To ſay the truth, his wife was a great favourite,

rite, which his expences plainly evinced.

A certain ſecretary to a certain ambaſſador, whoſe name I ſhall leave the reader uncertain of, uſed frequently to employ Mr. Stitch-tight to equip his perſon. And by frequently ſeeing our taylor's pretty wife, he conceived an ardent deſire to equip his forehead; but one thing greatly damped his hopes, the not being able to underſtand each other, as he ſpoke nothing but his native language, and ſhe nothing but plain Engliſh, and an interpreter was an improper

animal

animal to be employed in this caſe. However, though their tongues could be of no uſe, their eyes were of infinite ſervice in letting each other know that they were roguiſhly inclined. They talked ſo much in broad glances, that they had a mutual deſire to put their intentions in execution. But here aroſe the greateſt difficulty, for though, by the help of their eyes they could communicate their ſenſations to each other. It was impoſſible to make an aſſignation, but love is a pretty inſpirer of invention. The ſecretary by dint of ingenuity, hit upon a method of letting her know his thoughts, without putting it into

into the power of any one to betray them.

He had found out that the taylor had a country houſe about ten miles from London, he informed himſelf of the ſituation preciſely, and juſtly imagining that his intended antler-bearer, had no more country houſes than one, he determined to make that the ſcene of his ſtolen pleaſures; in order to which, he wrote a billet in his own language, in ſuch a manner, that it was impoſſible for the tranſlator to know the perſon to whom it was addreſt, or the place appointed to meet at. Take the tranſlation of it.

Dear

Dear Madam,

I know you have a country-houſe; I know where it is ſituated. If you will contrive to go there on Thuſday next, I will walk before the door about three o'clock in the afternoon. You know it will be impoſſible to make any enquiry for you, by reaſon the ſervant will not be able to underſtand me. If you therefore, when you ſee me walking up and down before the door, ſend the ſervant to me, I ſhall know his meaning, without underſtanding his language.

Adieu.

It was impoſſible for the tranſlator, by this billet, to know any thing about the matter; for, as he intended to ſlip it into her hand himſelf, there was no occaſion to addreſs it, as ſhe well knew where her country-houſe ſtood, it was uſeleſs to name; and as ſhe muſt of courſe think that he meant to come there, it was needleſs to ſubſcribe any name; ſo that the tranſlator, in fact, was as ignorant of the matter as the huſband.

Whenever he went to order any new cloaths, he always took a ſervant with him, who ſpoke Engliſh,

to

to make our taylor underſtand what he wanted. The ſervant attended him upon this occaſion; and while he was deſcribing the colour and faſhion of the cloaths which his maſter wanted, the ſecretary ſlipp'd the billet into her hand, which ſhe immediately concealed, in order to read it at leiſure; for ſhe ſhrewdly gueſſed, that it contained a carnal meaning; which, nevertheleſs, did not at all diſpleaſe her.

The unſuſpecting taylor was very wiſe upon the ſecretary's taſte, and remarked what a happy thing it was for a gentleman to have a

pretty notion of dreſs; and then launched into a prolix diſcourſe concerning the advantages of dreſs; the great importance of taylors to the ſtate; and attempted to prove, that they ought to be held in a far higher eſtimation than what they at preſent are. The ſervant being perfectly tired with the oration, made a bow and retired, to wait for his maſter, who pretended to be admiring ſome miſerable paintings, which the taylor plum'd himſelf greatly upon being the poſſeſſor of. Mr. Stitchtight would have given any thing, if the ſecretary could but have underſtood him, that he might have held forth in

praiſe

praiſe of his favourite pieces of dawbed canvaſs, and particularized the manner in which he had obtained theſe, in his opinion, inеſtimable pieces.

The ſecretary was punctual to his appointment, and had the pleaſure of ſeeing his miſtreſs at the window of the country-houſe. She had deceived her huſband by pretending to be greatly indiſpoſed; and fancying the country air would be of ſervice to her. She was no ideot at deception. Her huſband thought her too innocent to be inſincere: and being very indulgent,

dulgent, as I ſaid before, he order-ed every thing to be got ready for her departure, promiſing to be with her on the Sunday following.

Mrs. Stitchtight ſent a ſervant to him, to tell him ſhe had occaſion to ſpeak with him; who, with as good a bow as he could poſſibly make, very gravely delivered his meſſage. The ſecretary nodded as if he perfectly well underſtood him; and followed him into the houſe. As ſoon as the ſervant had announced him with his uſual gravity, he retired: when the amorous ſecretary, and no leſs amorous

Mrs.

Mrs. Stitchtight, in an inſtant found themſelves in each others arms. Then nothing was perceivable, but the ſilent eloquence of ſighs, bluſhes, ſtrenuous embraces, and languiſhing glances. Perhaps the not being able to comprehend each other's ſpeech, ſhortened the way to bliſs; as it prevented them from uſing thoſe ceremonial flouriſhes which cuſtom hath taught lovers to fancy ſo neceſſary to preſerve the decorum of intrigue.

If he could have ſpoken Engliſh, perhaps he would have ranted out,

And is it given me thus to touch thy hand,
To fold thy body in my longing arms,
To gaze upon thy eyes, my happier ſtars;
To taſte thy lips, and thy dear balmy breath,
While every ſigh comes forth ſo fraught with ſweets,
'Tis incenſe to be offer'd to a God.

Now, knowing that if he ſpoke he ſhould not be underſtood, he very judiciouſly inſtead of deſcribing all theſe fine things, put them pre-

preciſely into practice, which proves that it is ſuch a lucky thing upon ſome occaſions, for people not to underſtand each other. For if he had began with a flight of fancy, ſhe might have thought it but polite to return the compliment, and would perhaps have loſt time by whining out,

From ev'ry pore of him a perfume falls,
He kiſſes ſofter than a ſouthern wind;
Curls like a vine, and touches like a God:

Then

Then he will talk, good God, how
he will talk,
Even when the joy he ſighs for is
poſſeſs'd.
Even then he ſpeaks ſuch words,
and looks ſuch things,
Vows with ſuch paſſion, ſwears
with ſuch a grace,
That 'tis a kind of heaven to be
deluded by him.
If I but mention him, the tears will
fall.
Sure there is not a letter in his
name
But is a charm to melt a woman's
eye.

But inſtead of all theſe pretty poetical touches running in their heads, a convenient place for the indulgence of the ſofteſt ſenſations filled their imaginations. The next room, being a bedchamber, was the deſtined ſcene, where being with pleaſure, they ſunk into a delirium, which was too convulſive to be laſting; for nature has kindly put a reſtraint upon our moſt ſublime enjoyments, which reaſon would never have been able to curb, or the weakly human frame would ſink under the power of the too exquiſite delight.

Their

Their eyes now ſpoke to each other, the ſofteſt, tendereſt things, and ſeemed to intimate that it was not for want of will, but want of power, that they loſt any time in even the kindeſt looks. The thrill of delight had quitted the fatigued body, and flown into the ſprightly ſoul. Imagination preſented the ſecretary to the eyes of the enamoured fair one, as a perfect Adonis. And he fancied, that

Love in her ſunny eyes, did baſking play,
Love walk'd the pleaſant mazes of her hair,

Love

Love on her balmy lips was pleas'd to ſtray,
And ſow, and reap a thouſand kiſſes there.

The ſentiments of the ſoul now began to awake the corporeal ſenſations, the reviving ſpirits began to creep through the veins, and animate the purple currents; whoſe chymic balm immediately flew to the ſeats of pleaſure, and gave new life to the powers of love. Their hearts beat an alarm, they were ſeized with a new phrenzy of deſire, which they prepared again to tame, by rendering it ſtill more furious,

furious, and like Mahomet, to ſeek a ſenſual paradiſe in the moſt extatic embraces.

——————— So when Mahomet,
Had long been hamm'ring in his lonely cell,
Some dull, inſipid, tedious paradiſe.
A briſk Arabian girl came tripping by,
Paſſing, ſhe caſt at him a ſidelong glance,
And look'd behind in hopes to be purſu'd.

He

He took the hint, embrac'd the
flying fair,
And having found his heaven, he
fix'd it there.

However, they were obliged to part for that time. He behaved generouſly to the ſervants, there being a man who always took care of the houſe, and Mrs. Stitchtight's maid. And as well as they could underſtand each other, agreed to meet at the ſame hour the next day.

The man ſervant was as grave as an owl, and had as much hy-

pocriſy as any private ſinner ever carried to Tottenham-Court Road. He was, nevertheleſs, amorouſly inclined, and fond of money to an exceſs of avarice, though he ſtrove to conceal his inclination, by continually inveighing againſt libertiniſm and licentiouſneſs, and hid his parſimonious diſpoſition as much as poſſible, by giving a penny now and then in charity, out of every ſhilling he could find an opportunity to filch. He had often defrauded his maſter, by ſelling the flowers, fruits, and roots in the garden, who never had detected him in theſe kind of practices, becauſe he never ſuſpect-

ed

ed that a man ſo apparently religious, would be guilty of any ſuch actions; nay, had he perceived his loſſes, he would have ſuſpected his garden had been robbed in the night by ſome unknown thieves.

Now Mr. Gravity, with all his piety, had long ſince beheld Mrs. Stitchtight's maid ſervant, who was at this time with her in the country, with an eye of luſt. Indeed I muſt confeſs, ſhe was a very pretty girl, and had a roguiſh eye. A moſt infallible ſign of a penetrable heart. But he determined to reconnoitre the fields of her inclination, and feel the

pulſe

pulſe of her deſires, before he hazarded the ſolemnity of his reputation, or put his gravity into the precarious hands of a giggling, prattling girl. He was, indeed, a young likely fellow, and, but for his ſtarched appearance, might have been termed agreeable. He took the latitude and longitude of her inmoſt emotions with a great deal of preciſion, and as ſoon as he found her in the caſe of Eve when to the devil

——— She reſigned
Her ſoul, and for an apple damn'd mankind,

He

He broke his mind to her. As he was eſtimated worth money ſhe bluſhed with ſurprize, and trembled with joy. Now obſerve the progreſs of love from his declaration; he proceeded to kiſs her lips with that awe, politeneſs, and diſtant civility which is always diſpleaſing to a woman, though ſhe praiſes it, but he did not continue long under her diſpleaſure, for from his reverential kiſs, he proceeded to a cloſe embrace, this raiſed a bluſh of approbation, he could not often repeat the cloſe embrace, without being connected with her boſom, he accordingly with ſome ardour, invaded thoſe

delicious ſeats of panting rapture. Here indeed her blood was raiſed, for ſhe forbid him ever to attempt ſuch a thing again, in ſuch an ingenious manner, that he found he muſt abſolutely diſpleaſe her if he obeyed her commands. Thus he proceeded from one liberty to another, till he obtained the freedom of tying her garters at any time to divert himſelf; when he was ſure to be called a ſly rogue, with ſuch a ſmile as plainly evinced ſhe did not think him half rogue enough.

Having proceeded thus far with the utmoſt regularity, for he was very

very methodical, he one day followed her up ſtairs, when ſhe was going to make her miſtreſs's bed, and was ſo uncivil as to throw her down upon it, though ſhe begged him to be quiet, and abſolutely won her heart, by barbarouſly keeping her there for ſome time, though ſhe complained all the while that he uſed her extremely ill, and ſhe fainted away at laſt out of pure reſentment. However he often repeated his ill uſage, and ſhe as repeatedly fainted, yet they agreed tolerably well, for people that had ſo much cauſe to quarrel with each other, for he was vaſtly delighted with all that ſhe did,

and

and ſhe perfectly doated on him, ſtrange you'll ſay but perfectly true nevertheleſs.

This intrigue, as often as the maid came to the country houſe, had continued for upwards of ſix months, before that between the miſtreſs and ſecretary commenced.

This man, like the old woman who found her daughter in the oven, having puddled in letchery himſelf, ſhrewdly ſuſpected the ſecretary's buſineſs with his miſtreſs, and reſolved on a plan, to diſcover if his ſuſpicions were well

founded.

founded. To effect this he took an opportunity to bore a convenient hole in the wainſcot of a room adjoining to the bedchamber, where our lovers had made each other happy.

You may be pretty certain that the ſecretary was punctual to the time the next day. He was introduced, and not being able to waſte any time in chattering, the lovers began to execute what they both fancied to be their only buſineſs together; but their buſineſs was not ſo ſecretly carried on, but our pious ſpy was witneſs to a few

ſcenes

ſcenes that made his mouth water, he thought his miſtreſs was, without exception, the beſt calculated woman in the kingdom for pleaſure.

When the ſecretary had tired himſelf heartily by his extraordinary endeavours to pleaſe, he retired; they were indeed loth to part, but as they had no more buſineſs to do together it was as well. The ſecretary thought her every moment more charming, and ſhe in return fancied him more engaging.

The

The ſecretary being retired, our ſpy immediately entered his miſtreſs's chamber, while her mind was entirely engroſſed with the thoughts of the delight ſhe had ſo recently been partaker of.

She was ſurprized at his appearance, and demanded what he wanted.

He very elaborately told her all he had been witneſs to, and added, that he thought it a duty incumbent on himſelf to let his maſter know the affair.

She

She was amazed, confuſed, and terrified to the laſt degree; ſhe fell into tears, ſhe kneeled to him, and beſought his compaſſion, he remained inexorable, ſhe entreated him to name what would bribe him to ſecrecy.

He very bluntly told her, that nothing could enjoin him to keep the ſecret, but her making the ſame ſacrifice to him as ſhe had done to the ſecretary. She was too fond of pleaſure to be ſtartled at this propoſal, and too fond of money not to be pleaſed that he had

had not required a pecuniary gratification.

For money like the ſwords of kings,
Is the laſt reaſon of all things.

In fine, he was made as happy as the ſecretary had been, and the only thing which could prevent her from thinking herſelf ſo, was that the delivery of her charms was rather a bribe than a free gift.

When he had gratified his luſt, ſhe inſiſted upon his ſwearing that

he would never reveal what he had ſeen or known. He very readily ſwore what ſhe requeſted, for an oath to a conſcientious man is an eaſy matter.

We're not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely at all to ſwear,
But to ſwear idly and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt and gain;
For breaking of an oath and lying
Is but a kind of ſelf denying.

Mrs. Stitchtight, now thought the houſe entirely at her diſpoſal, as ſhe had bound the man in oath;

for

for it never once entered her head, to be afraid of the maid, as ſhe had laid it down to herſelf as a maxim, that one woman would never try to injure another.

But fortune will not always comply with our wiſhes, though we muſt comply with fortune.

Oh love, how are thy precious,
ſweeteſt minutes,
Thus ever croſt, thus vexed with
diſappointments?

Now

Now pride, now fickleneſs, fantaſtick quarrels;
And ſudden coldneſs give us pain by turns:
Malicious medling chance, is ever buſy
To bring us fears, diſquiets, and delays,
As if we had been made for nought but toil,
And love was not the buſineſs of our lives.

As the man had the curioſity to watch his miſtreſs, the maid had the curioſity to watch the man, and having ſeen him peeping, ſhe waited

waited impatiently to know what he could be peeping at. When the ſecretary retired, ſhe gueſſed at the intrigue between the miſtreſs and him, as ſoon as her lover went into his miſtreſs's chamber, ſhe immediately occupied his peeping place, where ſhe could hear as well as ſee, which gave her to underſtand the whole tranſaction; ſhe determined to diſſemble like a true woman, and to be effectually revenged without letting them have the leaſt intimation, by which they could be upon their guard and defeat her purpoſe. Spurred on by jealouſy, ſhe wrote a circumſtantial account of all ſhe knew to

her maſter, but intreated him to diſſemble if he viſited them upon the ſunday, as ſhe would the week following, give him an opportunity of being convinced that ſhe had informed him of nothing but the truth. He came on the ſunday, and concealed his rage and reſentment ſo well, that both miſtreſs and man fancied every thing was effectually ſafe.

The week following, both ſecretary and man proceeded with leſs precaution. When one day, while the ſecretary was buſied in his

his amorous vocation, and Mr. Gravity planted at his peep hole, for he loved to ſee as well as do. The huſband was, by the maid, fetched from his place of concealment, and being directed to the ſcene of joy, he ſoon turned it to a ſcene of confuſion. Upon his appearing, his wife ſcreamed out, and fainted away. The ſecretary in the utmoſt confuſion ruſhed by him, and ſoon found himſelf at the water ſide, for the houſe was ſituated near a pleaſant part of the Thames. But when he made his retreat he had nothing on but his ſhirt, for they had proceeded ſo far as to diveſt themſelves of their garments,

garments, in order to give the greater looſe to love. As ſoon as Mrs. Stitchtight came to herſelf, he ordered her to pack up her alls, and go to her father's till ſhe heard from him. She did as he directed her without replying.

As for Mr. Gravity, as ſoon as he perceived his maſter, he ſlunk from his peeping place, and retired into the garden to contemplate how this might come about, and what would probably be the iſſue of ſuch a ſcene. Indeed, he never once dreamed it would affect him in the leaſt, for he never ſuppoſed

poſed as his miſtreſs had been detected in one amour, ſhe would betray herſelf in another; and he thought himſelf ſure, that nobody alive knew any thing about the matter. His maſter diſſembled with him for that night, but he had prepared to puniſh him ſeverely, for the next day he was ſeiz'd by a preſs gang, and carried on board a man of war, from which he has never yet been able to diſengage himſelf.

As for the ſecretary, his want of the Engliſh language, which he found ſo convenient to him in his

his love affair, proved a very great misfortune in his eſcape; for not being able to explain himſelf to ſome watermen, they did not chuſe to believe he was a gentleman, as he wou'd fain have had them underſtand. However, an old waterman, who happened to be ſomewhat wiſer than the reſt, taking notice of his fine Holland ſhirt, embelliſhed with the richeſt lace ruffles, of which the waterman was a very good judge, having formerly been a ſmuggler, undertook to carry him to London, to which he ſeemed to want to go. And having equiped him with an old waterman's great coat,

he

he landed him near a celebrated coffe houſe, from whence the ſecretary diſpatched a man for ſome cloaths. When he was dreſſed he went home, where he had ſcarce arrived, when a man enquired for him, who had a large bundle on his head.

This bundle contained the cloaths he had left at Mr. Stitchtight's, at the time of his precipitate flight. Taking the gold watch from his fob, he generouſly gave cloaths and money to the meſſenger, who was greatly rejoiced at having had ſuch a lucky load to carry.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stitchtight found means to let the ſecretary know where to find her. The ambaſſador about this time, being recalled to court, the ſecretary was obliged to return to his native country. Whither he took his miſtreſs with him.

As for our taylor, he conſoled himſelf for the loſs of his wife, by taking the girl who had made the diſcovery to his bed, who was mightily pleaſed with the change of her ſtation and circumſtances.

FINIS.